

Dear Dad,

What's the matter I haven't heard anything from you for quite a while. Haven't you received my letters. Have you been writing books instead of letters.

Remember you said I could have your field glasses. Well, Kirby's trunk had to be sent that date before we came to camp. Kirby took the field glasses and put them in his trunk. The trunk was sent before I knew what he had done. Now I'm glad he took them because girls in my dorm have been missing things.

The girl in the bed
next to me, by name
Helen Wolff. (Snookie)
want me to teach her
to play bridge, so
I've got to think of
all you taught me.

Aunt Betty's going to
see a lot of Snookie in
the winter because she
promised to come see
me often.

Lot of Love

Mary Sunshine

P.S. Part of the letter was
written before lunch and
part after. I just received
a letter from you after
lunch. Write soon.

Mr. Kirby Page

Dear Sir: - I would like to say that your talk at the Com. Church Forum was the very best thing I have listened to from that platform. - Also your talk over W.O.R. - I am interested to see the pamphlet you have for those who wish it.

I would also like to see a copy of The World Tomorrow.

If this city had a thousand of your type to help educate the people from pulpit and platform, we should get results. Keep up the good work! -

Howard Lindsay

Playard Club. -

Residence 34 E. 62nd St.

The Lincoln School of Teachers College

High School
Report

Grade 7

Page Mary

Last Name Mary First Name Mary Year 1929-30

Subjects	Teachers	1 Mo.	2 Mo.	3 Mo.	4 Mo.	1 Sem.	5 Mo.	6 Mo.	7 Mo.	8 Mo.	9 Sem.
English	E.F.B.	S	D	C	B	C	B				
Math	C.E.B.	S	B-	B	C+	B-	B+				
Science	H.W.A.	S	F	A	B+	A-	B				
Social Studies	E.L.	S	D	C	C	C	S				
French	J.M.D.	S	D	C	C	C	B-				
Fine Arts	A.S.	S	C	B	B	B	S				
Household Art	C.J.	S	B	B	B+	B+	B				

Parents' Signatures

1 Elizabeth B. House	5 Eugene E. House
2 Elizabeth B. House	6
3 Elizabeth B. House	7
4 Elizabeth B. House	8 (over)

Tues Jan 10th 22

Dear ones - its so very cold here to-day, sun shining, but mild blowing a gale, we are keeping pretty close the fire, I am looking in the special catalogues, planning what to buy with all the money saved on the teeth - just think, ~~for~~ for what they wanted me to pay seventy five ^{for} here I am going to get, shoes - pr of silk hose two dresses - two window shades (old ones hursted up), some flowering plants & vines - & that's as far as I am at present - lots of sickness all about - but God has spared us so far - I forgot what I said about my trip - but the weather was fine & I enjoyed the trip in the car

Murry enjoyed my absence - made
head, & every thing, & was telling
me how to manage when I get back
milked too, used to say he could not
no mail to day, I am hoping to
hear that you are all well, &
safe, I hear Cadman, & Fosdick
every Sunday, Leah & Norma heard
them both & massive of course more
of us agree with them all along, but
I like to hear them sometimes,
some fine music & things all the time
now the Radio seems better than ever
before some times I hear Biblical dramas -
tell Kirby Jr I will give him a decent place
to sleep when he comes, not the same old dust
heap, & Mary ought to say what vegetables
she will eat, so I can plant them. Love Mother

Perry showed the men as it is all

Houston Thurs - 22

Dear People, you will
wonder what I am doing in Houston
well Leath indicated that I come south
with them: & get my teeth so much
cheaper during the holidays, I can get
a set for forty dollars now, that they
want seventy five for at home, & the
man will remove them later if
necessary for five dollars, but he
thinks it will not be necessary.
we had such a happy & was, every
speaking of, & wishing for you people
Leath & Norma are nicely fixed here
but still behind, he hopes for better buying
from this one & will go home tonight or
tomorrow, will write more when I get home
Love to all Mother

Alma Page list.

Mary Page

Kirby Page, Jr.

Mrs. E. E. House

Mrs. Minnie A. Newman, League City, Texas.

Mrs. Isabella Murry, Route 3, Lufkin, Texas.

Mrs. A. Leake Page, 801 Union National Bank Building, Houston, Texas.

Mrs. Perry L. Page, Route A2 Box 282, Lufkin, Texas.

Mrs. A. R. Elliott, 3989 Gosman Avenue, Long Island City, N.Y.

Mrs. Frank Davenport, 3945 Gosman Avenue, Long Island City, N.Y.

Miss Amy Blanche Greene, 4708 Middleburgh Ave., Long Island City, N.Y.

Mrs. Niebuhr, 99 Claremont Ave., New York City.

Miss Alma Shilling, 620 West 122nd St. New York City.

Mrs. A. E. Elliott, 99 Claremont Ave., New York City. Changes soon. Have
her notify you.

Mrs. W. W. Ludwig, 3947 Gosman Avenue, Long Island City, N.Y.

Mrs. L. N. Andres, 4017 Gosman Avenue, Long Island City, N.Y.

Miss Sarah Buckley, 4015 Gosman Avenue, Long Island City, N.Y.

Mrs. Emily Thomas Moller, 336 Beach 41st St. Edgemere, L.I.

Mrs. L. H. Couch,

Kate Eddy

Alma Schilling.

Rev. Page Detroit Jan 13-29
Please read, Consider the
advice from Jesus Messenger
Since the year 1912
We just sang of the Prince
of Peace Jesus and His Kingdom
Come.

God says I have no pleasure
in the death of the wicked
therefore He has appointed
and educated a Son
to guide the people of this
World to Peace.

and then Jesus will come
and accept His Kingdom
as in Isaiah ch 45 last verse
and as in " " 48 " "

This is that Beautiful
City with its Golden Streets
the Hub of the World
for Commercialism.

and as in Daniel ch 9, verse
7 believe the 6th last verse

the words read like this
When the Sanctuary is cleansed
and Righteousness Reigns
and the most Holy is

also Please read Ezekiel chs.
2: + 3: I am the Son of man
in this Lesson

as in the 3 part and the 3
first verses concerning the
Book written.

This Book was written in
my Presence,
and pages at a time handed
to me to read, and it was
written to save paper as it
was according to the Hoover
act, in the war time
and this is the book
mentioned in Revelations ch 5
and I did break the 7
Seals at the Hospital
and at my home

I have written the Book
as mentioned in Revelations 10th
and I am I denified in ch. 19
and in Ezekiel ch. 12

" Habakkuk ch. 2: vs 1-2-3

" " 3:

in Zechariah ch. 3: vs 1 to 7

" " 4:

" Malachi " 2: vs 1 to 10

" " 3: 1 to 6

Edward Hock
c/o 1563- 19th St
near Baker St,

I have 7 Points
with their Substantives
and this will make
Permanent Peace
With Dictators with
authority to accept & to go,
then we will have Peace

Dear Mother

I am feeling fine and dandy and
I guess you are too. I have good news
for you I caught a rattlesnake that
has eleven rattles. I know the
way we do it. We have some sticks
with grooves in the end and when
we see a snake we put this grove
on top of him and then we get it up
near his head and cut his head
off with a knife. altogether the
boys have caught ten rattlesnakes
this year. They have caught a lot
of little water snakes and another

and I caught a king snake yesterday
I also am ~~part~~ part owner in 4 other
snakes. I also had a little grey
squirrel but he died.

Now about my ticket, I should
by a ticket to Houston and check
my trunk to Houston, then I should
~~check them to Ashville~~ get a
ticket to Ashville and check the
trunk also. should I by the ticket
to Ashville in Houston or here.

Love

Wm. G. D.

Dear Ma

Please excuse all the
mistakes because I have to
write this letter in a hurry.

I told you last time
that I had a buzzard. I
took some pictures of him and
will send you as soon as I get
them back. I let him go
the other day and he flew
for other regions.

I caught a gray sparrow
the other day (an ~~uncommon~~
~~uncommon animal~~)

and he sure was a beast.

Don't forget all I told you
last time and ~~and~~

answer my questions.

I guess that's about
all

Love
Ernie Jr.

Dear Mother

Please excuse my not writing before this. I am very happy here. This is our course of the day:

7:30 we get up

8:00 we eat

8:30 we clean up

9:00 we do a thing
for a week

11:00 swim

12:00 eats

1:30 rest hour

2:30 activities

4:00 swim

5:00 play in side

6:00 eats

7:00 all in

at swim time chief lady
me. Get a lot of stamps
but don't send them
because I might ~~lose~~ lose
them. I am as well
as could be. I have to
go because I will have
to eat in about a month.
I will ~~write~~ write
soon.

lots of love
Kirby Jr

Mrs. J. C. J.



OAKWOOD SCHOOL
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Dear Mamsie,

Well! You might at least practice what you preach and send me a note when you arrive somewhere, if you have.

I thought that I might tell you to try and get my dress up here for the last Sunday which is Baccalaureate. Most of the girls wear their Commencement dresses. Send a couple and let me choose. I'll send the other back. Send about three.

Send one sith. Almost
ankle length and quite formal.
Not for evening but even
more formal than your black.
It won't cost any more. And
did you see the advertisement
in today's (June 4) paper about
the sith washable dresses
in Waramahua.

Much love
Sunshine.



Dear Mother, ^{the}
Thanks for checks.
It sure did look good.
I'll reform now, and (try to)
spend less and keep
account of where it goes.
Tonight we have a
two hour practice ahead
of us. Gosh but I'll be
glad when the damn
things over. It's a
lot of trouble.

Say listen!!!!!!!

③

How about those blouses?
Please send them before
the material gets.
Speaking of clothes, I
haven't a darn thing
to wear in the evening
except my pocha dori.
I don't want to wear it
out. And I wear my
torquise one every
Sunday. Couldn't you
possibly get me a chiffon?
Send me a few to pick
from. I'll send those
not suitable back.

PLEASE!!

②

How about this bunch
of the family getting
some letters. I haven't
had any from Dad since
I last saw him! What
he got to say to that?
Nothing I suppose.

Well sit down right
now and send me
a letter. And while
you're at it please
send a note of acceptance
for me to go to Flossie's
house. Right away
Don't put any special
time for me to go but
at least send it.

You might get that one
I liked so much at Eubie's.
You know, the one I almost
got for Easter, please
of please.

Much Love

Sunshine

also I could use a
few stamps. I don't like
to buy those here, you
know how it is.

Thursday, 18, 1929

Dear Mother and Dad,

I lost my pen so
I have to write in pencil.

Are you getting any
autographs. If not, why.
Please get as many as you
can.

In my last letter I
forgot to tell you about
swimming. Part of the
lake is boarded in to
form what we call
the crib. You have to
stay in the crib and
not swim in the lake

③ father's name is
Giblet Lovell. Do
you know him?

Rest periods over, so
I guess I'll sign off for
today.

Loads of hugs and kisses
Mary

② unless you can swim
ten lengths of the crib
dive, tread water one minute
and float one minute. If you
can do all this you can
stay out of the crib for
the rest of the summer.
I passed all these the first
Fri. after we got here.

This is supposed to be
rest hour but it sounds
awfully noisy.

There's a girl in my
dorm who said her father
knows you. Her name is
Florence Lovell. Her

Saturday 27/24

Dear Aunt Betty

I'm sorry I have to ask
you for more money but
I simply must have some
money. Here is a list of how
the money went. Got the
money on the nineteenth spg. 1 -

.10	spans on the	19 th	balance	4.90
.06	candy	" "	19 th	" 4.85
1.73	credit money	20 th	"	3.12
.05	Ice cream	20 th	"	3.07
.35	Hayride	22 th		2.72
.06	Candy	22 th		2.67
1.41	Laundry	23 th		1.26
.05	Bank Book	23 th		1.21
.06	Candy	23 th		1.16
.06	"	24 th		1.11
.45	tooth paste-pad	25 th		.66
.06	Candy	25 th		.61
.16	to spend on bike	26 th		.51
20	Flashlight Batteries	27 th		31

That's the way the

money goes.

Yesterday I went on
a 20 mile hike to Sam's
Point. We had a lot of
fun. We could see for
miles in all directions.

How are you getting
along in the job of training
a new secretary?

Please send the money
as quick as you can.
Loads of love and hugs
Mary.

K.P. Jr - I'm not this rare - but I
all seems plausible. I've
just howled over Mary's letters
they all start out the same
"please send some money"!

I can see happy days ahead
with the allowance - we will
need a public accountant to
keep keeps books - Love - a letter
on the way. I'm deep in training in a
new Secretary and to 98 in the shade

your noted Margaret

down

Dear Mother

I am feeling very well except that I am in bed with five stitches in my back skin. I got it going up Mt. Maricao about half way up the Mt. I had to hike about 8 miles on my hurt leg. The stitches come out Thursday

A week or so ago I made a six foot pyramid and have had a lot of fun out of it. This afternoon we had a contest to see who could make the best thing in the sand another boy and I made an Egyptian palace and lots of mud huts

I

we had a good idea
in the past year we had
a int. where they got ston
for the palace. We made
some other things that
I can't think of. We had
them last so we got the
prize.

We have three baseball
teams here and I am the
pitcher on one of them
I have played in about
ten games so far.

Up here we had a
ping-pong tournament
we played two out of
three games I was
second.

We are having
lots of fun here.

Yours
Kirby Jr

Most Students Lack Depth of Character, Kirby Page Claims

Internationally Famous Lecturer
Addresses University Audi-
ence at Y. M. C. A.

MAJORITY DO NOT KNOW HOW TO USE THEIR MINDS

Most University students lack depth of character and are weak in the reserves they possess, Kirby Page, editor of "The World Tomorrow" and internationally famous lecturer, said yesterday in a speech given at 3:30 p. m. in the Great Hall of the Y. M. C. A.

Discussing the subject of the student's responsibilities in building tomorrow's world, Mr. Page outlined the four essential requirements that every student needs to help build a new world. The first responsibility of the student is to get information and knowledge.

Factual Studies Useless

Many of our factual studies are useless, Mr. Paige believes, unless the student strives to apply his imagination to them. However, he believes that the majority of students do not know how to use their minds.

This can be best done, according to Mr. Page, if the student will project himself over into the life of those of other races and classes and will then build up his sympathies around them. "Sympathy is indispensable to understanding," he said, "and sympathy plus determination will be one means toward building a new world of tomorrow."

Should Prevent Despair

Another great student responsibility is the prevention of cynicism and despair. Too many students have the idea that nothing can be done in regard to problems such as race and class distinction.

When mankind will begin to put confidence in human nature, cynicism and despair will disappear. Mr. Page said that perhaps the best way to avoid cynicism and to realize that all problems can be solved is by the reading of history. Through this study we are made to realize that the pioneers were successful in solving their problems and to view life in the perspective.

Mr. Page will make his last appearance on the campus today in the Minnesota Union at 12:30 p. m. He will speak before the International Forum on "Recent Gains in International Relations."

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19, 1929

THE HOUSTON CHRONICLE

DEBT PROBLEM IS DISCUSSED BY KIRBY PAGE

Former Houstonian, Here
to Lecture at Open Forum,
Declares Peace of World
Menaced.

"There is enough dynamite in this reparations question to blow up the peace of the world!"

This is the assertion of Kirby Page, editor and lecturer, who is the Open Forum speaker tonight. Mr. Page, whose boyhood was spent in Houston, is a student of international affairs and editor of The World Tomorrow, a magazine which stresses international affairs. For the last 16 years Mr. Page has made his home in New York.

"This whole American and allied policy on reparations and debts is most certainly an artificial thing and wholly uneconomic," said Mr. Page. "It is utterly unsound. And in addition the peace of the world, certainly, at least, Europe, will not be secure until this question is settled correctly."

Politics Prevents Solution.

"Why isn't it settled now on a correct basis?" he was asked.

"Every student—every member of this reparations conference—knows the correct economic answer, but politics and that alone prevents the solution," Mr. Page

KIRBY PAGE



C. A. here from 1908 to 1911, before going to college.

He has a brother here, A. L. Page, with the Southwestern Life Insurance Company, and his mother, Mrs. Isabella Murry, lives at Lufkin.

**New Farmers Market
Not to Be Closed
On San Jacinto Day**

MANY "CURES" FOR FLU HELD AS WORTHLESS

U. S. Expert Tells Drug
Officials Government
Had Many "Remedies"
Withdrawn.

If you have the flu, you've got to let nature take its course and keep as comfortable as possible on the treatment the doctor gives you, Dr. P. B. Dunbar, Washington, D. C., assistant secretary of the food, drug and insect administration of the United States department of agriculture, declares. The government, according to him, has not found any though it has had myriads of remedies submitted for consideration of the surgeon general.

Doctor Dunbar spoke on the subject at the second and third day's session of the South Atlantic

A Laboratory Product

The more you look into the question of radio tubes, the closer you come to De Forest's "high vacuum"

tion.

Dear

I promised in a recent word that I would tell something about the donkeys. Ever since we reached Turkey, through Syria, Palestine, Egypt, back through Palestine and Iraq, the donkey has been one of my main lines of amusement. Donkeys and camels have been the beasts of burden in these countries not for centuries but for thousands of years, and we see the same kind of caravans today that travelled the countries in the days of Abraham, and some of the people are probably dressed very much the same way.

I have seen donkeys in America, but never in my life have I seen such diminutive beasts ~~in all my life~~ as carry the burdens in the lands we just passed through. Some of them are no higher than my waistline, and when I see one of these tiny animals with a load on its back and a man perched on top of that I sometimes wonder how they stand up under it. Much of Turkey is mountainous and inaccessible, and there is not much railroad there yet, and a great proportion of the transportation must still be carried on with camels and donkeys. Unless going over long desert stretches the camel caravan is always led by a couple of donkeys. They are rather sensible beasts and good pacemakers. Also they are convenient for the attendants to ride part of the time at least. The donkeys almost never have a bridle on and they guide them with a stick. If the donkey does not respond to a few strokes aside the head the attendant jumps down and catches him by the ear and tries to pull him over, or more often than not, he knows the stubborn nature of the donkey and does not try to lead him by the ear but gets behind and pushes him over off the road. As often as not, the donkey getting headed in another direction just keeps going in that same direction and the attendant has to race along and head him back on to the road and probably as soon as he gets him going straight again along comes another automobile or truck, and the same thing has to be done all over again. Sometimes they actually keep them along the side of the road strung out one by one and do not have to push them over.

In all of these countries there is almost no firewood, and the people save every scrap of weeds and cornstalks and especially the thornbush, which has oil in it and makes a very hot, quick fire, by which they cook their thin pancake loaves of bread. More like a pie crust than a loaf. They load the donkeys with great bundles of these thorn bushes or corn stalks or reeds to take to their houses, as they live in villages and go out to their fields, which may be some distance from the village. Usually the donkeys coming in from the fields are driven along by some women all chattering together and they pay no attention to the motor horn until the car is almost upon them, then there is a mad scramble and pushing and shouting and laughing, and they scatter to either side of the road hardly leaving space for the car to go through, and sometimes after a donkey is pushed off the road he takes it into his head to amble back on to the road before the car passes and there is a great tooting and shouting and after the car has had to stop he consents to being driven over to the side. Sometimes it is a man or woman loaded with the big piles of dried thornbush, and you know then ^{what} is meant in the Bible when it speaks of men like trees walking. They carry loads which would stagger a man in any other part of the earth, and the donkeys are so loaded with them that often the only thing to be seen is an immense brush heap with a donkey's head sticking out and his feet twinkling underneath.

The donkeys and camels and water buffalos never seem to be vicious, as they are often driven round by small boys. They seem to take the whacking and banging with indifference, and sometimes a boy driving two or three donkeys along

grabs the tail of the last one to use as a steering wheel. The donkey seldom condescends to get out of the way himself, but the goats and sheep are a very different proposition. When they hear a motor horn they get off the road, if they can, but if they are crossing the road, especially the sheep, you may as well wait until it is over, as where one sheep goes they all go, and it is nothing short of a miracle to divide a bunch of sheep in two groups. They will run under the wheels of the car rather than be divided. We often saw groups of sheep grazing near the roadside, and sometimes the old leader of the sheep will detach himself from the group and go up to the shepherd for a bit of petting and a word of affection. The sheep are usually kept in a fold or fenced in area at night for safety, sometimes ten or a dozen flocks in one fold, and in the morning the shepherd calls his sheep and they respond to his voice. They say that they all use the same call, and the casual observer can see no difference from one call to another, but the sheep only come when their own shepherd calls.

All these lands are frightfully dry, and only get rain at a stated season of the year, and not much then, and they are only able to grow things by irrigating, consequently, people only live near a stream or where there are springs. We went to Jacob's well where Jesus saw the woman of Samaria, and the village is still where it probably was at that time, a short distance away. They have water in the village, but it is not so good as that of the ancient well and they usually came there to get their drinking water. It is so easy, after traveling in these lands to understand the meaning of the saying "the water of life". Water is life, and without it there is no life. Iraq is covered with the ruins of old canals, where once a teeming population drew their living from the fertile soil, but wars and pestilence (probably malaria) took the people away and the canals became choked up with sand and dust and became desert area again. It takes money to build new canals, and initiative, but the people were held down so long by old Turkey that they have no initiative, or few of them do, and the majority of them are ignorant and destitute tribesmen held down by their traditions. What their fathers did will be good enough for them, what they did not do, they hardly dare do, except in the cities.

The boat we are on now is loaded with three thousand tons of dates which were raised in Basra the port from which we sailed. It is one of the biggest date growing districts in the country, and Iraq raises most of the dates of the commercial world. These are on their way to India. There are only eight first class passengers with accommodations for as many more. There are many more second class passengers and simply a horde of deck passengers, on the deck below us who live and sleep and eat on the deck, which includes cooking on a charcoal brazier. The best thing we have seen in a long ^{time} is the notice which is in a very conspicuous place under the large mirror on the stair landing leading down to the dining room. It is framed and reads thus: "NOTICE. Dogs are strictly prohibited in passenger cabins, public rooms, saloon entrances and promenade decks. All dogs must be placed in charge of the ship's butcher on embarkation. By order THE MASTER." However, we have not had any hot dogs yet.

We have had lovely weather. It is warm in the middle of the day sometimes, but the really hot weather is past. We shall hardly have any real cold weather the whole year. Suits me. I can enjoy myself or work with the perspiration dripping off me, but I simply cannot do either when I am cold, and there is no danger of striking a central heating plant in this part of the world.

We hope to have some letters from you when we reach Bombay. Lots and lots of love and heaps more.

Affectionately yours,

Alma

Dear Kirby:

I promised in a recent word that I would tell something about the donkeys. Ever since we reached Turkey, through Syria, Palestine, Egypt, back through Palestine and Iraq, the donkey has been one of my main lines of amusement. Donkeys and camels have been the beasts of burden in these countries not for centuries but for thousands of years, and we see the same kind of caravans today that travelled the countries in the days of Abraham, and some of the people are probably dressed very much the same way.

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In all of these countries there is almost no firewood, and the people save every scrap of weeds and cornstalks and especially the thornbush, which has oil in it and makes a very hot, quick fire, by which they cook their thin pancake loaves of bread. More like a pie crust than a loaf. They load the donkeys with great bundles of these thorn bushes or corn stalks or reeds to take to their houses, as they live in villages and go out to their fields, which may be some distance from the village. Usually the donkeys coming in from the fields are driven along by some women all chattering together and they pay no attention to the motor horn until the car is almost upon them, then there is a mad scramble and pushing and shouting and laughing, and they scatter to either side of the road hardly leaving space for the car to go through, and sometimes after a donkey is pushed off the road he takes it into his head to amble back on to the road before the car passes and there is a great tooting and shouting and after the car has had to stop he consents to being driven over to the side. Sometimes it is a man or woman loaded with the big piles of dried thornbush, and you know then is meant in the Bible when it speaks of men like trees walking. They carry loads which would stagger a man in any other part of the earth, and the donkeys are so loaded with them that often the only thing to be seen is an immense brush heap with a donkey's head sticking out and his feet twinkling underneath.

The donkeys and camels and water buffalos never seem to be vicious, as they are often driven round by small boys. They seem to take the whacking and banging with indifference, and sometimes a boy driving two or three donkeys along

grabs the tail of the last one to use as a steering wheel. The donkey seldom condescends to get out of the way himself, but the goats and sheep are a very different proposition. When they hear a motor horn they get off the road, if they can, but if they are crossing the road, especially the sheep, you may as well wait until it is over, as where one sheep goes they all go, and it is nothing short of a miracle to divide a bunch of sheep in two groups. They will run under the wheels of the car rather than be divided. We often saw groups of sheep grazing near the roadside, and sometimes the old leader of the sheep will detach himself from the group and go up to the shepherd for a bit of petting and a word of affection. The sheep are usually kept in a fold or fenced in area at night for safety, sometimes ten or a dozen flocks in one fold, and in the morning the shepherd calls his sheep and they respond to his voice. They say that they all use the same call, and the casual observer can see no difference from one call to another, but the sheep only come when their own shepherd calls.

All these lands are frightfully dry, and only get rain at a stated season of the year, and not much then, and they are only able to grow things by irrigating, consequently, people only live near a stream or where there are springs. We went to Jacob's well where Jesus saw the woman of Samaria, and the village is still where it probably was at that time, a short distance away. They have water in the village, but it is not so good as that of the ancient well and they usually came there to get their drinking water. It is so easy, after traveling in these lands to understand the meaning of the saying "the water of life". Water is life, and without it there is no life. Iraq is covered with the ruins of old canals, where once a teeming population drew their living from the fertile soil, but wars and pestilence (probably malaria) took the people away and the canals became choked up with sand and dust and became desert area again. It takes money to build new canals, and initiative, but the people were held down so long by old Turkey that they have no initiative, or few of them do, and the majority of them are ignorant and destitute tribesmen held down by their traditions. What their fathers did will be good enough for them, what they did not do, they hardly dare do, except in the cities.

The boat we are on now is loaded with three thousand tons of dates which were raised in Basra the port from which we sailed. It is one of the biggest date growing districts in the country, and Iraq raises most of the dates of the commercial world. These are on their way to India. There are only eight first class passengers with accommodations for as many more. There are many more second class passengers and simply a horde of deck passengers, on the deck below us who live and sleep and eat on the deck, which includes cooking on a charcoal brazier. The best thing we have seen in a long ^{time} is the notice which is in a very conspicuous place under the large mirror on the stair landing leading down to the dining room. It is framed and reads thus: "NOTICE. Dogs are strictly prohibited in passenger cabins, public rooms, saloon entrances and promenade decks. All dogs must be placed in charge of the ships butcher on embarkation. By order THE MASTER." However, we have not had any hot dogs yet.

We have had lovely weather. It is warm in the middle of the day sometimes, but the really hot weather is past. We shall hardly have any real cold weather the whole year. Suits me. I can enjoy myself or work with the perspiration dripping off me, but I simply cannot do either when I am cold, and there is no danger of striking a central heating plant in this part of the world.

We hope to have some letters from you when we reach Bombay. Lots and lots of love and heaps more.

Affectionately yours,

Mother

[Aug 1929?]

26 Bedford Place, London, W.C. 1, England.

dear folks,

✓ good news! yesterday I received a cable that my new book "Jesus or Christianity" had been selected by the Religious Book of the Month Club. A committee consisting of Harry Pearson, pastor, S. Pauls Cathedral, Bishop McConnell and President Woolley select one book each month for the members of the Religious Book of the Month Club, numbering about 7,000. This means that my book will be bought by most of the outstanding religious leaders of the country. The prestige that comes from having been selected will also greatly increase the general sale of the book. The reviewers are less likely to overlook it. In addition to the regular cloth edition, I am bringing out about two-fifths of the material in a 96 page pamphlet for wide distribution. I am having copies sent to you as soon as they appear from the press in the very near future.

I am attempting nothing else these days except to work away at the new book on National Defense. The British Museum library is perhaps the best one in the world. They have almost every book you want. Aside from a brief period for luncheon, I peg away at the library from 9 until 6, when it closes. After the evening meal I usually take a long walk and then write until midnight. Usually I sleep for half an hour before supper. I have rarely felt better in my life although I am putting in very long hours. Shall watch my health with the utmost of care.

Alma reports an interesting and profitable time in Paris. I expect word from her in Geneva tomorrow. Sherwood says she is enjoying herself.

At this distance from home, letters look good, so do your duty!

Affectionately yours,

Kirby

Copy for Alma

[Aug 23]

1929

26 Bedford Place, W.C.1

Dear Sherwood,

Am having an exceedingly profitable time in the library. Have struck gold mine after gold mine. The task is going to be a much bigger one than I had anticipated but I mean to do it as well as I can. I want to do a really exhaustive piece of work this time and believe that the book may make a real contribution to public opinion on the subject.

The fact that "Jesus or Christianity" has been accepted by the religious book club means that its circulation will exceed ten thousand copies, as 7,000 go out immediately to members of the club. Royalties on the first five thousand amount to \$1,000 and on the second five thousand \$1,500. If the book should run to 15,000 the amount of royalties would be \$4,000. Whatever the sum is, if you are willing I should like to apply it to a fund with which to send out a large number of "National Defense" when it is ready. We can talk this over later.

The extra copies of the London program have been sent to Betty. I have written to Constantinople about the hotel reservation.

Please ask Welfers for letters of introduction to people in Budapest, Belgrade and Sofia.

Glad the Paris program went so well and am eager to hear about Geneva. Wish that I could be with you.

Affectionately yours,

Kirby

Please send carbons to
1. Mrs Minnie Newman, League City Texas
2. A. Leach Page, 801 Union Hall Bank Bldg Houston
3. Eugene Z. House

26 Bedford Place, London, W.C. 2, England.

Dear folks,

Am working away here in a nice room on the top floor of a small hotel overlooking a rear garden, just a block from the British Museum library. The rate of \$2.50 per day for room and four meals is very reasonable, although I do not often take tea in the afternoon.

I think that I told you in a former letter that I am writing a book on "National defense, what kind?" with a sub-title, "The origins, results and prevention of war." It will cover somewhat the same ground that "War, its causes, consequences and cure" did, but the latter was written six years ago and is out of date. I think it will be possible to write a much more effective book now, as much new material is available. The library is open from 9 until 6 and I manage to be there most of the time each day. Almost any book wanted is available. Just now I am working on the contrast between the real causes of the war and the explanations that were given to the people. The tragic fact is that the common people everywhere thought they were fighting in self-defense, the Germans as much as anybody else. In the evenings I write in my room until late at night. Am able to do about twice as much in a given time as under ordinary circumstances, as there are no interruptions. Keeping busy also prevents loneliness.

Had a good letter from Alma in Paris. She is in good company and is having a grand time. The absence of responsibility and the change of scene is doing her a world of good. She has not had a bad headache since sailing from New York.

On Tuesday I spoke at a meeting on Anglo-American friendship in the famous City Temple. The audience seemed responsive. Aside from seeing a few people I am concentrating upon the book. Am feeling first rate and manage to get a lot done.

Have received a few letters from America but not enough! Everyone is complaining about the "heat wave" but it does not bother me any. It would seem more like January to Texas people!

There is so much unemployment here that many ex-soldiers are unable to find regular work. Many of them form themselves together in small musical bands and play on the streets in the hope that they will receive enough gifts from those passing by or thrown from hotel windows will keep them going. Americans do not realize how much better off financially they are than the rest of the world, although there is a vast amount of misery even in our own country.

It now seems likely that I shall stay here until August 26th. Letters mailed in New York until the 17th should reach me all right. After that address me in care of the American Express Co., Budapest, Hungary.

With much love,

Affectionately yours,

Kirby

1729

Dear Folks:

Before I begin I want to say this is a new typewriter, and if the capital letters try to climb all over the page it is because the shift key sort of gets things stuck up somewhere. I have played around it and oiled for about half an hour and it seemed to work all right but when I put in some carbon and extra sheets it stuck again. Maybe it only needs warming up.

Speaking of warming, reminds me that coming along on the bus we saw a sign on an old building which is being remodeled, the Bank of England Building, that "Warming" for this building is being supplied by so and so. And you just take it from me it is warming and not heating, in our sense of the word. Fireplaces are perfectly lovely for the effect, but when it comes to getting warm they are not much to talk about. I was cold all day last Sunday. It is nice and warm today. I see I have not put down the date. This is Saturday morning, July 13th, 1929. So much for that.

Now for the continuation of the narrative. After our big party on the boat on the night of the 4th of July, we finally settled down to get a little sleep, and for a wonder, things were remarkably quiet, in spite of Kirby's threats that most of the people would just stay up most of the night because they had to be up so early. We were awakened at about four-thirty the next morning and dressed as quickly as we could and went down and got some breakfast and then up to have ourselves looked over and passport stamped and secure a landing card. They must not have found anything seriously wrong with us because the whole bunch got together later. We were put on to a lighter and the "America" steamed away just as soon as we pulled off and there was another larger boat just the other side, whose people were preparing to disembark later.

We had decided that it would be easier to keep all our baggage together if we would put it under the letter Z, but as we had left the tags on they did not pay much attention to the Z most of the time. Some of it was there but most of it was scattered all over the place and this made us late in getting it checked up. Pat Malin had a list of every piece of baggage in the party and he checked and rechecked and finally a man came along and put a little yellow chalk mark on each piece and we were ready to get porters to get it to the train for London. We had had our tickets reserved by the travel bureau and the train tickets had printed on them in small letters "Eddy Seminar Party," and there were only about twenty-five in the party. Some class to us. It was only about a four hour run in to London, but we were among the second luncheon tickets and the first party drank up ALL the drinking water and did not leave even enough to make some tea. Consequently, we were the doggiest thirstiest bunch of tired Americans you ever saw when we got to London and then there was more time consumed before Pat could check up all the luggage and get off the baggage car, and believe me I was surely glad when Maud Eddy and I were bundled into a taxi piled high with suitcases and trunks and started to Toynbee. After the formalities were over we were shown to the little apartments we were to have during our stay and then sent over for some tea as we did not have the fixings with us, and after some refreshing tea, I lay down and slept until time for dinner, and out the meeting after dinner and came up and went to sleep again. I don't think I shall ever get over having to lose so much sleep. There was the hour in America when daylight saving time came in and there was the forty-five minutes each night on the boat and there is the fact that it stays light over here until about ten o'clock and one doesn't think about getting sleepy until after dark, and we have to be up about seven in the morning, and then I remember that we are going around the world with an hour lopped off here and half an hour there and it grieves me frightfully to think that

I shall never be able to make up all that time I have lost out of my sleep, not even the hour I left in New York, unless Father decides some day that we can go around the world travelling toward the West, and that could not be done for at least five years. Fortunately I am getting so that I can go to sleep easier in the day time and this will help tremendously.

Toynbee breakfasts are too monotonous for us, being from one year's end to the next simply porridge and eggs and bacon and coffee. So Henri and Sherwood and Arnold Johnson, Pat's assistant, and Kirby and I have our breakfast up here in the flat each morning and we can have fruit and what we please. Kirby cut the first meetings and went in to the library. Whenever there has been someone on the list whom he has heard before and knows about what they will say and had read what they have said, he cuts the meeting and goes to work in the library. He has another book which he must get out of his system and there is a lot of work which he must do here at the library, so he is going to stay a month longer while we wander around and then he will go through the Balkan States and meet us at Constantinople. This book is a revision and enlargement of the one on War, causes, consequences and cure. He is going to tell what the actual causes of the war were as near as possible, and what they said the causes were and just how it all came about, then he will enlarge on the whole thing. He will be working on it all year, but there is a certain section which he wishes to do while here where he can have access to books, both his and the library books. After we are gone he will probably get as much done as he would otherwise in twice that time.

Someone told me that the art of the English people is not painting or literature or science, but just flowers. Certain it is that I never saw so many flowers in all my life. They have the custom of selling flowers in small stands or anywhere in the street or on the sidewalk, and not at just certain parts of the city, but literally everywhere. There are flower women and flower men out in the East End Whitechapel district just the same as there are around Piccadilly or Trafalgar, or any of the other centers. They not only sell flowers everywhere, but they raise them everywhere. There are window boxes where they have no room for gardens. The climate is so very damp most of the time that the abundance of green is almost astounding, like Texas in spring. We took a little walk in one end of Hyde Park one night and the flower groups were simply marvelous. This is the best time of year for them and they certainly were lovely. The pansies are lovelier and have longer stems than any I ever saw at home, a regular pansy climate. There were beds of stocks and snapdragons together, some with just Canterbury bells and a low growing flower. Three large beds of hydrangeas, pink and blue and white. Simply marvelous clusters of bloom. The individual flowers were large as small pansies. There was a bed of large dahlias of a flame-orange with yellow fringe and I am sure each flower, one to a bush, was at least seven or eight inches across, and that is no exaggeration. A bed with just salpiglossis, many-colored velvet stars. Then there were numerous flowers which I do not know and I did not write the names down. Some are importations from South Africa or India.

They had a Thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey last Sunday for the recovery of the King from last winter's illness. I was still so tired I did not attempt to go down at all as I know it would mean a lot of standing around and I did not fancy that. Kirby and Pat and Arnold and Sherwood did go down to see the royal family as they passed on their way to the Abbey and Pat and Kirby had a slightly better view than Arnold and Sherwood and when they got together again they were talking about it and Sherwood asked: "Where was the prince?" He, the prince, had been in the same carriage with the King and Queen sitting across from them, but most people did not expect him to be there and did not pay any attention to him at all. They were too busy looking at the King and Queen.

Last Monday evening there was a party given to the group by the Archbishop of Canterbury, rather it was a tea and reception in the afternoon. I had intended going but was not ready when the party left as I had miscalculated my time. Was glad afterward, as they had to stand the whole time and I never could have survived the way I was feeling. However, I did not miss the tea at Cliveden on Tuesday afternoon by Lord and Lady Astor. We were taken out in cars furnished and driven by members of the Rotary Club, and we had thought they were very generous to do this, but as most of them never would have gotten a chance to go to anything at Cliveden in all their lives or to meet her either, we concluded it may have been prompted by just a little selfish motive. However it was, it was such the nicest way for us to go and we all enjoyed it immensely. Met George Bernard Shaw and numerous other individuals. I did my party by listening a little. G. B. was in a perfectly marvelous mood. He stood around and talked most of the time, and when someone called to him to turn around so they could get a picture, he merely smiled and said, to those standing around, "Now see what happens when you stand around me, you get your pictures taken." Kirby met Lord Allenby, who captured Jerusalem, and various other notables. We had both met Lady Astor before, but not at Cliveden. Cliveden is a gorgeous show place. It is quite old and has a bit of history, which I was not burdened with, and is a park in itself with its formal gardens and its informal gardens. There seem to be flowers everywhere. They have a way of training all kinds of vines over the houses, roses included, and little flowers grow in all the seams between the flags paving the terrace and between the bricks of the retaining walls of the terraces. They have a kind of magnolia trained up this wall which is fully fifteen feet high and it grows like a vine but has leaves and blossoms like the regular old magnolia tree which grows in the south. There is a kind of fig vine also which is trained up the walls. I do not know if it bears fruit or not, though the regular fig does bear fruit here because I saw young fruit on one in Hyde Park. Lady Astor was not quite her usual self, she seemed tired and more quiet. Her voice sounded as loud and hoarse as usual, but she was not so boisterous and made less of a hubbub than usual.

On Wednesday morning the party went down and had an hour with Lloyd George. He has the bluest eyes I ever saw and they have an irresistible twinkle. One of the fellows said that as soon as he came into the room he put his hand in his pocket to hold his pocketbook, as he knew that Lloyd George could persuade one to do anything and he was afraid he might persuade him to give away his money. He really does have a powerful personality, and personal charm. He looks like his pictures, long white hair, blue eyes and red face. We went from there and a group of us had lunch with President Pendleton of Wellesley, and sat and talked afterward, then we met and went to tea on the terrace of the House of Commons, with some of the members and then up to one of the rooms to hear Arthur Henderson and two of his helpers Arthur Greenwood and Hugh Dalton.

Yesterday Mrs. Eagan of Atlanta said her brain just refused to work any more and she asked Mrs. Hutchinson of Chicago and me to go riding with her and her niece and two youngsters, and we rode out in Surrey and saw some very wonderful scenery. We all agreed that we would rather do this than see historic old buildings which were always covered with soot, and we had a wonderful time. There was a regular bang-up formal reception last night, but we both passed it up and the majority of the party went to Oxford today, but inasmuch as there would be a lot of walking I decided against such things until I get more reserve energy on hand. We are leaving here on Monday night and will be in Paris until next Sunday, then to Geneva. Much love to all.

Yours affectionately,

Alma Page

26 Bedford Place, London, W.C. 1, England.

Dear folks,

good news: yesterday I received a cable that my new book "Jesus or Christianity" had been selected by the Religious Book of the Month Club. A committee consisting of Harry Emerson Fosdick, S. Parks Cadman, Bishop McCormell and President Woolley select one book each month for the members of the Religious Book of the Month Club, numbering about 7,000. This means that my book will be bought by most of the outstanding religious leaders of the country. The prestige that comes from having been selected will also greatly increase the general sale of the book. The reviewers are less likely to overlook it. In addition to the regular cloth edition, I am bringing out about two-fifths of the material in a 96 page pamphlet for wide distribution. I am having copies sent to you as soon as they appear from the press in the very near future.

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Alma reports an interesting and profitable time in Paris. I expect word from her in Geneva tomorrow. Sherwood says she is enjoying herself.

At this distance from home, letters look good, so do your duty!

Affectionately yours,

Kirby

Please send
Carbon to

Mrs. J. M. Newman
Mrs. Isabella Murry

E. E. House

A. Leek Page

Berry L. Page

MEMBERS OF EUROPEAN PARTY

1929

Pendleton, Ellen, president Wellesley College.
Hitchins, William J., president, Berea College, Berea, Ky.
Edwards, David M., president, Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.
Bakeless, John, editor, The Living Age, New York.
Hitchinson, Paul, managing editor, The Christian Century, Chicago.
Page, Kirby, editor, The World Tomorrow.
Morgan, Mrs. Laura Puffer, secretary, National Council for the
Prevention of War, Washington, D.C.
McGowan, R. A., assistant director, Social Action Department,
National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D.C.
Cherrington, Ben, executive secretary, Foundation for the
Advancement of the Social Sciences, University of Denver.
Roman, Frederick W., lecturer and open forum leader, Los Angeles.
Sayre, John Nevin, secretary, Fellowship of Reconciliation, New York.
Holmes, Jesse, professor of philosophy, Swarthmore College.
Watkins, Gordon S., professor of economics, University of California
at Los Angeles.
Halperin, H., professor of mathematics, Agricultural and Mechanical
College of Texas, interpreter in Russia.
Henry, Arthur, lawyer, member State Legislature, Denver, Colorado.
Bryn-Jones, David, minister, Trinity Baptist Church, Minneapolis.
Jenkins, Burris A., writer and minister, Linwood Christian Church,
Kansas City.
Jones, M. Ashby, minister, Second Baptist Church, St. Louis, Mo.
Eagan, Mrs. John J., Atlanta, Ga.; widow of the well-known leader
in industrial democracy and racial goodwill.
Eddy, Sherwood,
Malin, P. M., secretary
Johnson, Arnold, secretary.